

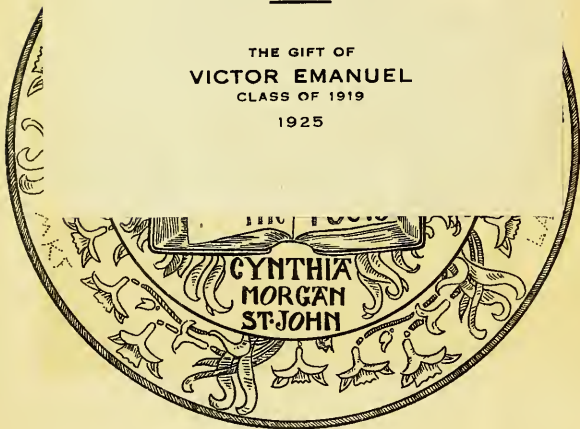
Cornell University Library

Ithaca, New York

WORDSWORTH COLLECTION

MADE BY
CYNTHIA MORGAN ST. JOHN
ITHACA, N. Y.

THE GIFT OF
VICTOR EMANUEL
CLASS OF 1919
1925





Wordsworth

PR

4464

C8A17

1898

6

23921

P O E M S

BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE



JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD,
LONDON AND NEW YORK

1898

Do

UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

A.605125

34

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO

1/20/20

SI .

QUID . SIT . INFRA .

AMICO . CAMENIS .

AMICIS . CAMENARVM . AMICO .

NOBIS . TAMEN .

AMICO .

FRANCISCO . BURDETT . MONEY . COUTTS .

D . D . D .

MDCCCXCVIII .

Contents

	PAGE
Experto Crede	9
Pygmalion's Bride.	10
A Dedication	17
Love	18
A Day and a Dream	19
O Dea Certe.	20
The Secret of the Something More, ...	22
The Lover Muses	23
An Emblem	24
Madrigal	25
A Requiem	26
Song	28
Love in Absence	29
Unto This Last	31
Retrospect	32
Confession	33
The Pity of It	34
Expostulation	35
Ipsa Dixit	36
Song	41
To Derwent Coleridge	43
Song	44
Harriet.	45
Fanny	46
Jane	47

	PAGE
An Egotist	49
In Memoriam P. D.	50
Song	51
A Vale of Arcady	52
Carmen Subfuscum	53
Carmen Alterum Subfuscum	57
Strophe.	60
Antistrophe	60
On Certain Reminiscences	61
On a Volume of Knight's Quarterly Magazine	62
Hills from Whence Cometh My Help	63
Argumentum ad Hominem	66
To the River Brent	68
Dreams	71
To S. T. C.	75
Inscription for the "Coleridge Cottage" at Nether Stowey	76
To J. D. C.	77
To James Dykes Campbell	78
Ego Sum Lux Mundi	82
St. Maclou	83
Deus Meus, Deus Meus ut quid Dereliquisti Me?	84
D. O. M.	87
De Profundis	88
Ecce Homo	90
God's Pennies	92
The Highest Pantheism.	94
A Prayer of St. Theresa	96
Heaviness may Endure for a Night	97
Tasso. <i>Gerusalemme Liberata</i> , xv. 20	99
To F. B. Money Coutts.	100
To E. M. B.	101
To S. M. C.	103
In Memoriam—John Derwent Coleridge	104
To S. M. C.	105
L'Envoy	107



POEMS.

Experto Crede

MEN lean on pleasant staves for many years,
And gladly use them day by day;
So sweet the journey is, they have no fears
How long and weary is the way.

Until the staff is broken—then they know
How much they leant upon their friend;
And o'er the dull, hard way they sadly go,
And speed them forwards to the end.



Pygmalion's Bride

THERE was a king of Cyprus, who, 'tis said,
Carved him a statua of ivory,
Then loving it, for want of better love,
Begged Aphrodite give it life withal,
And she in pity granted him the prayer.
So runs the tale; now, for our benefit,
(Since as I trow it is an allegory,)
This king of Cyprus shall speak first, then I.
This is his garden for the nonce, and he
Is holding converse with his new-born bride:
Hide we behind yon shrub—but hush! they come.

He speaks: “Thou hast no name, most beautiful,
For thou wert parented of Love alone,
Love formed thee of the dust, Love gave thee life,
And Love believeth that thou art alive:
Wherefore I'll call thee Love: Give ear then, Love,
And hearken to my words: The Most High God,

Whose offspring are we all, gave me long erst
Fair gifts : he made me king of Cyprus isle,
Sole sovereign of every lovely thing ;
All goodly trees that rest against the sky,
All mighty beasts, and many pasture lands,
Wherein man-loving kine may roam at large ;
He gave me wells and springs ; nay, furthermore,
He gave me flowers—flowers for a crown,
To crown withal my Cyprus-island Queen—
Flowers that are the glory of all lands.
Then spilling o'er the measure of His love,
He heaped the people's love upon their king.
All love me, not that I am lovable,
But that Zeus willed it ; and He made me dwell
In pleasant houses rich with royal things,
Rare gems, and statues, and long colonnades,
That face the rising and the setting sun,
That all day long God's light may shine on me,
Moreover, that I might not lack of aught,
He made me strong, and masterful, and wise :
Yet one thing more, God made me full of tears,
Lest in my pride I might forget to love :
And I for want of this one gift was sad,
This spirit, which of all the islanders

I was the only one who could not call,
And from the vasty deep it would arise
An angel ministrant. Then sang I thus:

Golden locks gleam bright for others,
Rosy lips are red for them;
Never may ye, O my brothers,
Change Love for a diadem.

There is one thing and one only,
That is foul beneath the sun—
Living loveless, dying lonely,
Witness King Pygmalion.

So sang I in my grief, and listlessly
Began to chip a tusk of ivory,
Which some far Ethiop prince of barbarous name,
Along with apes and peacocks and fine gold,
Had sent across the seas—and as I chipped,
Scarce knowing what I did, the ivory
Beneath my chisel seemed to take a form,
As 'twere by some blind chance, and shape itself;
At first a rough and soulless mockery
Of man, God's image. Then I know not how,

Thought kindled thought, and thought and hand
were one,
And will absorbed in God's (or as men say,
I could not help it), lo ! the human shape
Beneath my hand, or, as I say, God's will,
Wore gentler look, and ever more and more
Its loveliness outmatched its other strength.
This creature I had made was full of love,
A woman excellent, divinely fair,
And on the breathless, soulless ivory
The glory fell, great locks, such as no breath
Of living breeze could nestle in and stir ;
Then knew I that I loved with awful love
This strange creation of my seely hands ;
What I thought I fashioned, what I fashioned
I loved, and with hot kisses strove to melt
The mocking lips, which kissed me when I touched,
But kissed the air as gladly—then I prayed—

If so be that love's so holy,
Love's perfection is divine,
Aphrodite grant me solely
This my creature to be mine.

If so be that Aphrodite,
Thou canst give us from above
Living beauty, O most mighty,
Breathe upon her life and love!

And Aphrodite granted me the prayer,
For, as I stood and gazed, half doubting all,
Half waiting for the thing to come to pass—
Behold a miracle! Did that breast heave,
Or was it fancy? Did a rosiness
As of faint dawn, a slowly-spreading blush
Come o'er the dead white limbs? And did a breeze
Flutter that tiny tress of golden hair?
Those lips unfold as if they now could kiss?
And last of all, two eyes in wonderment
Look love? And had this soulless ivory
Been transubstantiated into life?
Thou art my living Yea: I need no more,
The end and the beginning of my love,
The maker and the made, the child and sire
Of that great love which God hath sealed to me!"

And what said she? That is not mine to tell:
I think she looked up sweetly in his face,

So sweetly, he forgot himself, and talked
Pure nonsense in the unknown tongue of love.

That's all the tale—my turn again to speak :
Man hungers, thirsts, and knows not what he lacks,
Until he hath discovered what to love ;
But all God gives him is some ivory,
Which he must chip, and shape, and polish well,
And make a perfect thing and beautiful,
But trust in God to give it life withal,
Rewarding love with love. I take it thus :
Man sees some girl, mere ivory to him,
And then he fancies, fancies that she's fair
Until he loves—but she is ivory
Without God gives the life of love—for though
We be as cunning as was Phidias,
And conjure up a vision glorious,
And worship it ourselves—earthy of earth
Will such love be, and all our kisses fall
As vainly as on lips of ivory,
Unless we pray like King Pygmalion
To Him “whose nature and whose name is love,”
To breathe upon the clay the breath of love ;

And then, as we have left those blessed two,
And by this while forgotten that they lived,
(Though they remember and are loving still),
So we shall be passed by, as having loved—
As saith the poet, “loved and therefore lived.”



A Dedication

I DEDICATE these songs to thee,
Who made the man, who made them so:
I was a stone, thy rod smote me,
And bade the living waters flow.

I say thy *rod*—for hadst thou been
As kind as I perceived thee fair,
Thou hadst but lived my Love and Queen,
A child of common earth and air.

But now thy feet are duly set
On that green sward, where, once at eve,
Fond Herrick and his Julia met,
And Coleridge clasped his Genevieve.

Love

It happened one Ascension night,
When full-blown May was sweet,
Just at the close of evening light
I passed her in the street.

And if by chance I cannot tell,
Or if by winsome wile,
Her lips, like some shut flower-bell,
Opened and bloomed to smile.

A Day and a Dream

OH! sweet it were for one long summer's day
To dream that love were unforgotten still;
So dreaming would I get me far away,
And in the sunlit silence take my fill.

Out of the darkness I would lift my soul,
Till far-off sunsets yield our land the sun,
And ere the silver mists could half unroll
My one day-dream of Love should have begun.

O Dea Certe

FIRST and foremost in the list
Of what's fashioned to be kist—
Comes a wee and winsome thing,
Whom 'tis fated I should sing;
Half of sunbeam, half of air,
Quaint and saucy, free and fair,
Seen through mist of golden hair.
With a lip that nothing is
But an everlasting kiss;
Hath a score of pretty wiles,
And an armoury of smiles;
Eyes that shoot a thousand glances,
Quicker than the sunlight dances:
Dewy eyes of radiant mirth,
Eyes not wholly used to earth,
That espy with fond delight
Vision hid from duller sight;

Ask her what that vision be
She will laugh aloud for glee ;
Loving is she spite herself,
Pretty, little, pranking elf !
And she loves me, therefore I
Sing her praise eternally.



The Secret of the Something More

HEREAFTER, when with both my hands

I push your face back, holding either side;
And mean to kiss you, when I've learned by heart

You fair enough for me and tender-eyed.

When that look's over, when that kiss is sped,
And when the slow soft words of love are said,
And all the precious scroll of hope is read,
Will that be all, my love, will that be all?

'Tis morning now, and I am well content

To sun it in this rocky field that brings
Hillside and vale together for the sheep,

And marks the borderland of common things.

But when the mountain-top is fairly won,
And all the labour and the pleasure done,
And you and I stand full beneath the sun—

Will that be all, my love, will that be all?

The Lover Muses

So then my turn is come, my chance

I have to snatch from out the throng
Of might-have-beens—just time to glance
And take your *is*, then pass along.

Our years are many after all,

And life is longer than men say,

You cannot rise if once you fall,

If once you love, ah ! well-a-day !
If once you love, O man ! remember well,
How wide a gulf there is 'twixt Heaven and Hell !

So then my turn is come, my race

Of thin and tender fancies run ;
O yearning heart, take heart of grace,
Your hungry days are almost done ;
And I may rest for ever now

Beside my Love, and take her hand,
And I may smooth her snow-white brow,
And wander with her through the land.
If once you love, O man ! you need not fear,
Your Hell is overpast, and Heaven is near !

An Emblem

Dost ever seek in thoughtful mood
An image of unbounded space?
'Tis thine if thou hast learnt to brood
On that wide Heaven, a dear one's face!



Madrigal

LOVE was born
Of a May morn,
And he lived a moon:
But he died
At eventide,
At eventide in June.



A Requiem

Now that I in broken numbers
Wake my muse from longdrawn slumbers,
Once again I sing of you ;
Sing you, not without a sadness
Ill-beseeming birthday gladness,
For I bid old thoughts adieu !

All the thoughts that gave me power,
Foolish words with grace to dower,
Once so sweet are true no more ;
When Love sleeps there's no awaking,
And without Love there's no making
Music as 'twas made of yore.

Ah ! so sweetly fell the blessing,
By its very sound caressing
Whatsoever things were fair—
All its melodies o'er laden
By the sunny little maiden
With her crown of golden hair.

And I sang you in all measures,
As a merchant counts his treasures,
 As a king his armèd men ;
That the beauty and the glory
Of the darling of my story
 Might be sung of now and then.

Now the light of golden tresses,
Or the sound of soft caresses,
 Cannot wake me into song ;
For the sweetheart who enchained me,
Hath deserted and disdained me,
 Ah the pity and the wrong !

Song

I LOST my love long years ago,
And yet I seem to see her still;
I have a solace for my woe,
Which comes without my will,
Which leaves behind some sweet content,
Some food for future wonderment.

I know it is an idle bliss,
To dream of what can never be;
An idle bliss, and yet I wis
A living joy to me—
Such certainties doth fancy breed,
That she is mine in very deed.

I feel her face is close to mine,
I wait a moment ere we kiss,
Methinks his days are half divine,
Who doth but dream of this.
I lost my love, but dreaming so
I surely found her long ago.

Love in Absence

If I could travel fifty miles,
Then cross a stream and mount a hill
(I've done it mad for joy erewhiles),
I know that I should find her still.

She's sitting in the window seat,
Her face is resting on her hand;
She's looking out into the street,
The fairest maid in all the land.

She does not note the passers-by,
Some vision of her own she sees;
Some grief she hath which makes her sigh,
But doth not make her ill at ease.

Her cheek is like the rose in May,
Her hair is gathered off her brows;
Her wistful eyes look far away,
Her soul hath left its pleasant house.

I see her thus when I am near,
Albeit she is far from me,
And could I stand beside my dear,
This self-same maiden I should see.

And could I touch her face once more,
I know where all the dimples hide;
And that dear land I've travelled o'er
Is yet in all its virgin pride.

And I would travel fifty miles,
Or five times fifty could I know
My Love would welcome me with smiles,
Nor till I kissed her bid me go.

Unto This Last

ART thou not wounded ? wilt not stay ?

Let us lie down and die :

The fight is over for to-day,

Why toil in vain, friend ? Why ?

“We shall not win to-day, nor yet to-night ;
Shall never *win*, but we can always fight !”

Wilt not forget her, now she hates ?

Art thou in love with scorn ?

He gets no sleep, nor dreams, who waits

Through all the night till morn.

“But I shall watch and wait till morning break ;
I love not sleep, but her, for her own sake.”

Hast not discovered any clue,

Wherewith to thrid the maze ?

Wilt not hereafter come to rue

This waste of pleasant days ?

“I have no clue, but till the clue I know,
Not rueing aught, shall wander to and fro !”

Retrospect

OH Love ! thou wert the sweetest mate
That ever youth beguiled !
It was so sweet to linger late
With such a merry child !

It was so sweet to hold your hand,
And let you choose the way ;
You were the elder child and planned
Our journey day by day.

You led my step beside the brook,
You helped me find the glade—
And had you never bade me look,
I ne'er had seen the maid.

O cruel Love ! to bring me there,
For now I've lost my way !
O gentle Love ! she is so fair,
I cannot choose but stay.

Confession

I CANNOT soar to heavenly things,
I cannot walk in earthly ways;
The hopes and fears which fancy brings
Are all I know and all I praise.

I cannot follow where you tread,
Or look behind the outer veil;
No honey-dew my soul hath fed,
And where you mount my footsteps fail.

I cannot pipe for you to dance,
And when I mourn you will not weep;
Behold a fool's inheritance !
Who never sowed, yet fain would reap.

And yet in Love's delightful prime,
And yet through many loveless days,
My love for you from time to time,
Has let me walk in pleasant ways.

The Pity of It

To him who mourns a recent woe,
A slighted love, a prize not won,
It seems a hundred years ago,
When only half the day is done.

An hundred years since that old joy
Within his heart was buried deep;
At dawn he was a happy boy,
And ere 'tis noon he fain would weep.

Yet what is life without the zest
Of something longed for, not attained?
And who would change youth's sweet unrest
For all the triumphs age has gained?

And what of him who only spent
A few sweet days in Love's dear land?
Nor e'er could tell which way he went,
Nor why he lost it understand.

Expostulation

O FLOWER ! you that but half-blown
 Bloomed right across my way !
Who plucked you for my pleasure grown,
 Who stole my flower away ?

O sunbeam ! you that wakened joy
 Or ere the world was bright,
What angel took you for his toy,
 You made for my delight ?

O bird ! that left your nest to sing
 So soft, so rare a tune !
What snow-blast struck and turned your wing,
 When all the year was June ?

O child ! whose lips I used to kiss,
 Whose heart I hoped to bind !
What rude mischance has marred my bliss ?
 Why faithless and unkind ?

Ipsa Dixit

THANK you for your pretty verses,
I will read them by and bye;
How you'll laugh at me for sending
Other verses in reply!

But I heard an ancient story
Read aloud to me last week;
How a prophet beat his donkey,
Till the creature learnt to speak!

Sir! you beat me with your love songs,
Very hard you hit indeed!
Till at length I turn and answer,
Turning poet in my need.

Written are they in my honour,
As the poets wrote of old?
I am Laura, you are Petrarch,
And my hair is spun of gold.

Oh! believe me I am flattered,
For you praise me to the skies;
Rhyming out your full approval
Of my hair, and mouth, and eyes.

Oh! believe me I am grateful,
For I feel, without your aid,
Few had crowned me Queen of Beauty,
Most had left me beggar-maid.

True, your common folk might praise me,
Greet me with approving stare;
But your denser middle classes
Hardly would account me fair.

You though, with a poet's fancy
And your cultivated mind,
Look beyond mere commonplaces
To the truth that's hid behind.

And you see a faint reflection,
Very delicately wrought,
In the corner of my eyelid,
Of a thought which you have thought.

Then my little airs and graces
Are so quaint and rococo,
You might take me for old china
Or a portrait by Watteau.

And I match with your ideal,
Am, you say, in perfect taste;
Something like your old engravings,
Mob-cap, simper, and short waist,

Oh! I do you an injustice,
Dilettante though you be,
You have reached a higher level,
Grown heroic loving me?

All that moves to work or duty,
Mute example, spoken word,
Were in vain, until your fancy
By a childish face was stirred.

Then you buckled on your armour,
Then you learned you had a soul,
You could do and dare and suffer,
Having got *me* for your goal.

Out upon your vain ideals,
 You would bind me, I am free ;
And I scorn the silly phantom
 Which you love instead of me.

God who made you, made me also,
 Round his throne a circling sphere ;
Not that *you* might roll to glory
 Just because you held me dear.

He who loves a woman truly,
 Loves her as a new delight,
Leaves himself to go and seek her,
 Claims her boldly as his right.

Not because his heart is lonely,
 But because her face is fair ;
Not to make him saint or poet,
 But because he can and dare.

And she yields up all her being,
 Not to make his life complete ;
But for joy that he should love her
 And she casts it at his feet.

But forgive me—I forgive you ;
And by way of a reply :
Thank you, for your pretty verses,
I will read them—*by and by*.



Song

THY name is not upon my lips,
Thy face I may not see,
But in my heart of hearts, my Love,
I still am true to thee.

A thousand loves may come and go,
And what hath been, may be ;
But in my heart of hearts, my Love,
I have no love but thee.

The world is bright and gay enough,
And pleasant unto me ;
But in my heart of hearts, my Love,
I walk alone with thee.

There is no bond between us, Love,
Nor I than thou less free ;
But in my heart of hearts, my Love,
I keep my troth with thee.

I've long forgot to follow, Love;
Hast thou forgot to flee?
Within my heart of hearts, my Love,
I live in hope of thee.



To Derwent Coleridge

FATHER, these verses must be dedicate to thee,
Not Rhadamanth below
Is more relentless—no escape for me—
But 'tis thine hand will deal the blow.

Father, *thy* father was a poet ! Dew
Of Heaven was shed on *him* :
Thou, and thy brother and thy sister grew
By Hippocrene —ye lipped its brim !

Thy friends were poets. In thy mindful ears
What melodies must ring !
Nor didst thou fail in battle with thy peers,
When *thou* didst venture forth to sing.

Mine is a pale and imitative age,
No purple robe for me—
Thy name, and this poor verse my heritage,
Which here I dedicate to thee.

Easter, 1881.

Song

He

THE water-lilies are fast asleep,
The sun is ruddy and low,
The breeze is bidding the rushes weep,
Sweet little Love, it is time to go.

She

The water-lilies are sleepy things,
There's an hour or more of day:
Hush, there's a nightingale! Hark, how he sings;
He's not asleep—Oh stay, Love, stay.

Harriet

THIRTEEN years old, and rather thin ;
An irregular forehead, and pointed chin ;
Hardly a handful of straight brown hair,
Face that is freckled, but face that is fair.
Keen, little, deep-set, clear grey eyes,
Utterly undeceivable spies—
Delicate, sharp, and narrow nose,
Kindest of friends, and fiercest of foes.
But for her mouth I must change the metre,
For never was mouth had a curve completer,
And never was curve of a mouth that was sweeter !
Lips of a goddess, face of a child,
Loveliest lips, if they ever smiled !
Close by the pillar I see her stand—
Sweet-pea and southern-wood droop in her hand :
For it's hot in church of an afternoon,
On a sunshiny Sunday far on in June.

Fanny

PINK and yellow, yellow and pink,
So we think of her when we think.
Gay little bunch of golden curls
Catching the sunbeams in endless twirls ;
Every bit of her pretty and sweet
From the merry blue eyes to the tiny feet ;
Never a minute without a smile—
Why did she live such a little while ?
Surely the world was better for her,
And her little tippet of miniver ?
And her tartan gown with the pink-trimmed hat
Do we laugh or cry when we think of that ?
Oh ! but I count it a life well-spent,
Mindful of sunshine and merriment,
Fashioned for fancy and born to be kissed,
Fanny ! you were a philanthropist !
Dead at thirteen ! You were gay and bright :
Dead at thirteen ! Yet you gave delight,
Ere you dropped your curtsey—and smiled “ Good
night ” !

Jane

THIRTEEN years old, and five feet four,
Looks like sixteen, or it might be more ;
See, she is smiling, has caught your stare :
“Strangely, undoubtedly, splendidly fair.”
Spinning away like a humming top ;
“Wait,” say the wise ones, “until she stop ;
Wait for the uttermost, tottering twirl,
Pick up your beauty, an over-grown girl !”
Nay, she is fashioned in juster mould,
Beauty is beauty, nor waxeth old.
Mouth that is mobile, with mischievous twist,
That will not—and will not—but wills to be kissed ;
Eyes that some great love will soften and wet,
Eyes that some poet will never forget ;
Hands that can handle with masculine will ;
Hands that can fondle with maidenly skill ;
Voice of Archangel that’s heard in the hymn,
Chanted by choir of Cherubim.

Cheeks very rosy, but, artist, beware !
Ruby and apricot mix if you dare,
But you may paint me her golden hair ;
And you shall paint me her broad bright smile,
Grandly, unconsciously, guileless of guile.
“ Ah, but the spirit ? It is a fair face,
Granted the beauty, but what of the grace ? ”
Nay, you may stare, but you shall not see
What is nearest, and dearest, and clearest to me.

An Egotist

A FLOWER grew in a lonely place ;
A knight came riding by apace :
Said he, " This flower my plume shall grace,—
 With a heigh-ho !
 None shall know
What a prize I found in this lonely place ! "

The flower looked gay for a little while,
But it drooped ere the knight had ridden a mile ;
So he said with a frown, and he said with a smile :
 " Though it droop,
 Though it die,
 It was none but I
Who plucked it, and wore it, a little while ! "

In Memoriam P. D.

THEN we shall never pass her in the street,
Or watch her cleave the crowd with swift small feet ?
Her life has passed, as she passed, all too fleet.

Dead the thin lips which smiled but would not kiss,
And dead the whilom love which grieved at this :
But she walks slowly in a land of bliss.

I think this sweet child was a Methodist ;
And having kept her wan white lips unkissed,
She hoped to win the walls of Amethyst.

But she is dead—and we who loved her face,
And praised it for its sad and tender grace,
Will see her not at all in any place.

Song

My Love is like the ruby wine,
Which foams for rich men's drinking,
But there's no wine that's half so fine
As she is, to my thinking.

My Love is like the summer sun,
That is so gay and golden ;
But she's as bright, methinks, by night,
And opes when buds are folden.

My Love is like no earthly thing,
But hath a heavenly splendour ;
Go, Cupid, wing this welcoming,
And to my arms commend her.

A Vale of Arcady

My life hath one fair memory
That, planted in the garden of my soul,
Yields store of heavenly fruit to me
With everlasting dole.

It is the vision of some alder trees
That grew beside a mountain stream,
Made tremulous by ev'ry breeze,
And luminous by each sunbeam.

On this side and on that the mountains rise,
High purple walls of sun-born heather,
And she smiled on me with enchanting eyes
As down the glen we walked together.

But oh ! fair Love, long loved but never sung,
Whom Virtue makes so wisely gay,
For thee no broken harp shall e'er be strung,
Nor thou dishonoured by my lay.

Carmen Subfuscum

TO A. M. SWIFT

You and I have met across a secret,
Talked of often in the silent hours.
Full of sweetness and of sadness also:
I will not betray it to the guessers,
Will not sing it as another might do,
For a wonder and a charm to others;
Will not make them welcome to the feasting,
Will forego their smiles and weeping after.

You and I have met across a secret,
We will keep it for our proper pleasure;
Like a casket full of precious jewels,
Like the thought at which a maiden blushes
When she whispers to herself "I love him;"
Like the dream of some delight we know of,
Long delayed until to-morrow evening.
We will keep it to ourselves for ever—

Unforgotten all its early sadness,
All its later sweetness unforgotten.

You and I have met across a secret,
Come together for a while in all things.
You are fond, you said, of reading verses;
Fond, you said, of those which I have written.
Here are some I wrote before I knew you,
All about a secret that was broken,
Broken for a schoolboy's wanton pleasure,
Broken for a love too large to keep it—
Broken to myself and every other
Who would listen as I fondly broke it.

There are things which should be always secrets,
We should hide them from ourselves, if needs be,
Knowing they are not of this world's fashion;
Other than Apostles well might deem them
Things unlawful for a man to speak of.
Love's of that sort—first love—as I take it.
Other love will do for poets' fancies,
Other love is better for a wedding,
Other love is best for winning women—

But a first love should be hardly thought of,
Only guessed at in diviner moments,
Only reached at with a spirit's yearning,
Only glanced at, like those rays that shimmer,
Streaming upward to the topmost heaven—
With a swift and fearful beam they travel,
Wont to dim the stars beyond the icebergs.

We can never meet across this secret,
That which sent me sighing into love-notes ;
I have nothing new to sing of Hebe ;
Dante never sings of Beatrice,
Not a word of Laura from Petrarca,
Dead and done with long ago their kissing,
Past and over making love and verses ;
I have nothing new to sing of Hebe,
And the book of love is closed for ever.
But to me these verses are delightful,
Falling short, perhaps, of those of Dante,
Hardly such as Petrarch wrote to Laura ;
But to me they have the scent of springtime,
And to me they bring the dear remembrance
Of the golden prime of love and Hebe !

You for whom the world is still enchanted !
You who know no other time but springtime,
You who have what I have only hoped for,
Will not think the least of all my love songs
Undeserving of its ink and paper.

Carmen Alterum Subfuscum

THREE red-gold apricots—a gift for me!
Nothing in Nature's like an apricot,
Save one girl's cheek and someone else's hair—
Peaches were once in vogue when grand-aunts
 blushed,
And books of beauty were thought beautiful.
Grand-aunts' ill-taste relumed in bric-à-brac,
Being ill-taste still, but nowise despicable,
Being queer—but we who know a thing or two,
And bracket Higgs and Diggs with Raphael—
If Botticelli be not grander yet.
Who's Botticelli? There's a man, who does
Smallwoodcuts for a pious magazine
And gets stone-drunk on profits of the same,
Hath probed on pot-house wall Art's Infinite:
Eye-dot, nose-dot, mouth-dot—five dots in all,
And, lo you! there's a sudden loveliness
Great cavaliers had fought for, kissed, and died.

Or, yonder, by the window, right between
Old scores of pints death-cancelled yesterday,
And Derby Favourites of ten years since,
A long-haired child, with legs for *raison d'être*.
Was Phidian Venus ever half so sweet?
Creation's out of date, yields small results
Of possibilities grown commonplace:
If means be used to compass given ends,
If sequence prove causation's bastardy,
If this fair earth and its divinities
Be slow result of long unconscious law,
Where's God the Artist? Smith's the wiser man,
And dots and blots, and hints the heavenly.

But these three apricots, a gift for me,
Tendered in half-unconscious gratitude,
Thrust Smith and his libidinous dots aside.
Nature disproves, not proves, creating mind.
Roses and rainbows, like the Trinity,
Are uncreate, and but at best proceed:
Considering the lilies of the field,
We analyse them fair and fatherless.
God hath not clothed the grass of any field,
Then what of him who paints us fleur-de-lys?

And after all, 'tis only biblical ;
He was not in the storm, then why the rose ?
We sickly moderns have forgotten *God*
Who in Elijah's time transcended sense.
Our God's a geological old man,
Silt-tilting, strata-forming, aqueous ;
Or that unorthodox, a nice young man,
Who mildly peers through curate's spectacles ;
A God who cheers but don't inebriate—
Spinoza was intoxicate with God
According to Novalis, likewise drunk—
Unless forsooth He is a bit of bread,
And may be taken as a kind of pill.
Oh, spare your thunderous wrath, dread Elohim !
Oh, spare thy withering scorn, dear Son of Man,
Nor hound us from thy temple with thy cords.

Strophe

○ LIFE of flowers that bud and grow !
○ Sun that has to shine !
○ River with thy course to flow !
○ Man not yet divine !
○ strength to climb the mountain side !
○ scorn of things below !
We live to test the yet untried,
And Death—we die to know.

Antistrophe

○ PEACE that comes with length of years,
And Patience hardly won !
When Hope is fled we have no fears,
But wait till all is done.
○ River lost in boundless main !
○ faint and fading Light !
We shall not cross the sea again,
And we shall rest to-night.

On Certain Reminiscences

THOU wert a mighty prophet ! At thy word
A sense of inspiration moved the land,
Waking our souls. The fan was in thy hand,
And all the threshing-floor was straightway stirred,
And we poor husky grains flung up. We heard
Thine antique indignation ; saw thee stand
Bare-headed at Truth's altar. Thou didst brand
The multitude with folly, undeterred.

Vain were regret, that in delightful quest
Of thy lost darling thou hast ta'en thy leave :
Thy dwelling-place is with those mighty blest
Thou couldst not love—and 'tis for this we grieve ;
The hero unheroic, mean the best !
Who that hath ears to hear—let *him* receive.

March, 1881.

On a Volume of Knight's Quarterly Magazine

THE latest weed that blossoms by the way,
Mid frost-stained crop of dusty after-growth,
And safe from children, little loath

 The unfamiliar winter to essay,
Albeit scentless, would have owned a power,
To give delight in unexpected hour,
 And children spying it had marked the day.

Methinks, dear weed, your lot with mine is one;
You bloom in safety—scentless, pale, and small—
Of many a bright one last and least of all:

 I sing unheeded, yet am I the son
Of a poetic race, whose earlier song
With Orphic spell led listening hearts along,
 Or ere the summer of the world was done.

Hills from Whence Cometh My Help

BUCHANAN, do you ever see,
With inward eye of phantasy,
A distant wall of opal hills?
Seldom I see it, yet it fills
The half-dulled spirit with a sense
Of unforgotten excellence:
The hope the future held in store,
The secret of the something more;
The prize that all the runners win,
The love whom not to love were sin;
The heaven which is early won
This side the grave, and 'neath the sun;
The brightest diadem that decks the brow,
The diadem that crowns us now.
With charms like these young fancy fills
The world beyond the opal hills;
And half the bliss of friendship springs
From common memories of bright things,

Of sunny hope and golden weather
Hoped and enjoyed in youth together.
But not by transient dreams alone
Do spirits live. Can these atone
For care, and grief, and that unrest,
With, or without which, none are blest ?
The unspent force wherewith the whole
Sped onwards, ere the vagrant soul
Glad to be called yet loath to quit,
Passed outward from the infinite ?
One prayer at least by all is said,
“ Give us this day our daily bread ! ”
Not to be foremost in the race,
But we are running, give us place ;
Not to be happy, but to know
The use of joy, the worth of woe ;
Not to be prophet, king or priest,
But man—and neither God nor beast.
We do not ask to find the key
Of universal mystery.
We want no system nicely planned,
Which any fool might understand ;
God’s work we leave to God—but pray
That we may work our work alway.

To know what lies within our scope,
If not to have, at least to hope ;
To keep alongside with the rest,
And to pursue the common quest ;
To love as others love, and hate
A little less ; to watch and wait
Until the bridegroom seek the bride,
Until the gates are opened wide,
Until the wine-cup over-spills,
And far beyond the opal hills
We enter into life, and rest,
Where all are resting—which is best.

Argumentum ad Hominem

Man

UNQUIET visitant, who knocks so late
With ghostly thud, against the crazy pane—
What wouldst thou, Frog ?

Frog

'Tis lonesome, cold, and wet,
No moon nor stars. The nightingales are dumb ;
No summer scents nor sounds—a fearful night !

Man

Doubtless for men, good Frog, but natural,
And providential, and rare benison
For Frogs.

Frog

Well, ope the window and come out ;
Hide *thou* beneath the dripping shrubs. These joys
Of which thou pratest are not far to seek ;
Meanwhile, *I* occupy the easy chair ;

*I trim the lamp, and meditate a bit
On thy most unblest lot, who art not wet
And art not cold, and never wert a frog
Or wilt be.*

Man

Frog, this argument of thine
Is stale, immoral, and it proves too much.
For thou hast been *created*, or hast *grown*;
In either case thou hast thine answer pat.
For if created, thou must rest content
With cold and wet, thy froggish state of life—
Or else “affirm thyself an atheist !”
Or hast thou grown, then grow a little more,
Just make an effort, take a little pains,
Nor count thy wants the meed of thy deserts.
For this is law, and gospel, and good sense—
That whoso hath must keep, and who hath not
Must knock without, and none shall let him in.
Good night, good frog; no thanks, I beg, good
night !

To the River Brent

DEAR River, thou hast lately brought
Such comfort to my mind,
That musing by thy stream I sought
To pay thee back in kind.

Alas ! I know my words are weak,
They cannot reach thine ear,
Those only who have learned to speak
Are those whom thou canst hear.

But gladly would thy waves repeat
And babble back a chime,
When Byron sought thy "cool retreat"*
To mouth his boyish rhyme.

And thou wouldst mingle in the dream
Of one who paced thy shore,
Mindful of that far Cumbrian stream,
Whose name he loved and bore.†

* *Childish Recollections.*

† Derwent Coleridge, sometime Rector of Hanwell. The
Brent flows below and borders the Rectory garden.

A poet's son, not unbeguiled
His musing thought hath flown—
The Derwent thou—once more a child
He leaps from stone to stone.

I doubt if e'en in byegone days,
Ere sorrow mark'd him man,
That echoing Byron's formal praise
Thy "limpid currents" ran.

But where thy yellow waters dye
The burdock's primal green,
I've watched the kingfisher flit by,
In pomp of azure sheen.

And, springing from thy muddy bed
When Summer left thee low,
The rush her starry clusters spread,*
Pink as the after-glow.

And once when Winter held thee fast,
With steps of coward glee
We tracked thy midmost course, and passed
Secure as bird or bee.

* The flowering rush.

Unboastful Brent, I hail thee Queen
And bless thy natural sway,
Which keeps yon sluggish meadows green,
And holds the town at bay.

Then take this tribute, long delayed,
Faint echo of a time
Ere Love had ceased to haunt the shade,
Or Youth to build the rhyme.



Dreams

LAST night I had a vision of my youth !
We were together in some dreamland place,
A dreamland Grasmere, and a dreamland inn.
A girl there was, a forward, petulant minx,
Who strove to win your unresponsive smiles
And won them not—nor was my fancy stirred—
'Twas nought—she was not of the time or place.
“And will you come with me to Rome?” you said ;
And of a sudden to my heart there came
A glad remembrance of old wanderings,
The suddenness of unexpected joys,
And gay forecastings of unshackled years ;
And more than all the friendship of the past,
The rest was commonplace—a storm of rain,
A table d'hôte—and poutings from the girl.
A foolish dream ! but when the morning sun
Shone bright, the shadow of this present time
Was for a moment shot with a new light,
Sudden and welcome as the after-glow

Which counterfeits the flush of rosy dawn—
More marvellous because the sun hath set.

Now that the mood is on me would I tell
Of other dreams which visit me anon,
Fulfilled or not, with your companionship.
'Tis early morning, and we speed apace
To some broad flood of liquid radiance,
Nor deep, nor shallow, but a bubbling steam,
And straightway we are swimming on and on,
Effortless, and with a sense of infinite joy.
And oft-times we are swimming in some lake—
Lucerne's green waters, sunlit, buoyant, warm—
Or heedless of the rain on Tummel's shore,
When grim Schiehallion hides himself in mist:—
Or haply in that unfrequented pool,
The distant quest of June half-holidays,
Where o'er the ruined pier the foaming sluice
Scatters its watery odours faint and cool.

And I have travelled in a mystic land
Redolent of spices shed by unknown trees,
A land it was that lengthened either way,
Wherein a golden light was immanent;

And in the air there was the breath of life.
Swiftly I passed from upland plain to plain
With dreamlike motion and diviner speed.
It was no common joy that filled my soul,
The natural delight in this fair earth,
A satisfaction of the mortal sense—
But some fresh boon of unimagined bliss,
A new contentment of the spirit's self:—
So shone the world to Adam's sinless eyes.

And I have stood on some lone mountain-top,
Encircled with a crowd of Alpine peaks
Not dimly seen, but grey for all their snows,
Save where the mist still clung in eddying wreaths—
And of a sudden with a spring of light
That rimmed that multitudinous array,
Peak after peak, with rare magnificence
Of rainbow hues, the glorious Sun uprose.

O blessed visions whatsoe'er ye be,
By what material impulse of unrest,
Or poor inheritance of lordlier soul,
(Derived from *him* the Lord and Slave of Dreams)
Ye haunt my rest—I hail your visitings

With humble thankfulness. Good are good dreams :
We see as through a glass our hopes and fears ;
And what the blinder waking sense has missed
Grows manifest by feeling magnified.
Nor would I err with Academic sage,
Or that diviner dogmatist who sang
Immortal Ode to Immortality.
These hauntings of the soul by night or day,
I count them not for dim remembrances
Of earlier bliss ; nor with purged eye of faith
Have I beheld the inexpressive Bride,
Adorned with jacinth and with emerald,
Come forth to meet her Spouse. God keeps the keys
Of those dark gates that enter into Life,
And of the gates of Death He keeps the keys.
But as we pass along this common earth,
Reluctant travellers o'er a weary way—
Most like those melancholy exiles of the North
Whom Force not Justice drives to some drear goal—
There comes a momentary lifting of the cloud,
And high above our heads and at our feet
The formless shadows of the world take shape—
And lo ! the universal pageantry,
The splendour and the meaning of the Whole !

TO S. T. C.

“REST, rest, perturbed Spirit”—not for fame
Nor vain delight in biographic art,
Nor vainer hope that by condemning part
The residue will 'scape all touch of blame;
Oh ! not for love, for pity—not for shame
Shall my poor pen bemock that cruel smart—
“Sore agony,” saidst thou, of a broken heart,
Or splash foul ink-spots on thy glorious name.

“Earth hath not anything ” so great to show,
No voice is wise and wonderful as thine;
Thou wert a king among the minds that know,
High priest of those who liberal truths divine;
Yet wert thou gentle as the winds that blow
In summer on the unvexed hyaline.

Inscription for the "Coleridge Cottage" at Nether Stowey

STRANGER, beneath this roof in bygone days
Dwelt Coleridge. Here he sang his witching lays
Of that strange Mariner, and what befel,
In mystic hour, the Lady Christabel.
And here what time the summer breeze blew free
Came Lamb, the gentle-hearted child of glee;
Here Wordsworth came, and wild-eyed Dorothy!
Now all is silent, but the taper light
Which from these cottage windows shone at night
Hath streamed afar.* To these great souls was given
A double portion of the Light of Heaven!

* "The light shall stream to a far distance from my cottage window."—S. T. Coleridge to John Thelwall, December 17, 1796.

To J. D. C.

WHAT if we gained a summit, you and I,
Who step by step his wandering footsteps trace,
And high on sunny Quantock, suddenly,
Met Coleridge in a vision face to face?

We should be friends;—quick, confident delight
Would rouse the impetuous torrent of his speech;
And all the day and half the babbling night
Far into Paradise our way would reach.

For he would lead us, by delicious ways,
To upland regions where the sunlit air
Fills the gay traveller with a glad amaze,
And all is wonderful and all is fair.

Oh, brighter far than any earthly stream,
The radiant pool in which we swim so free!
It is the land of Youth's enchanting dream,
A land of love and light and liberty.

To James Dykes Campbell

*On the appearance of Coleridge's Poetical Works,
edited with a Biographical Introduction
by James Dykes Campbell.*

CAMPBELL! my friend and my teacher, my teacher
and co-operator,

Here is the volume at last! Your "labour of love"
is rewarded—

Comely in mantle of green and sealed with the seal
of Macmillan.

Let the first note of applause, the herald of general
triumph,

Come from my lips and my heart—"A Perfect
Edition of Coleridge!"

Here are his Sibylline leaves no longer the sport of
the breezes,

Sorted and re-deciphered, and skilfully stitched
together.

Highly I praise your cunning, your keen biographical instinct.

Where the "bee sucks," he sucks not unexpectant of pollen,

So have you sucked out your dates, and made successful researches ;

Here is the wax and the honey, good wax and nectarous honey.

Bees are excellent persons, the type of unselfish persistence,

But they work on a plan mechanical, undeviating ;
You have brought to your task a share of the reason *energetic*,

You have endeavoured to show that even poets are human ;

You have ventured to hint to yon instant Philistine chorus,

"Charity sits by Justice, and sometimes she tugs at his ermine."

Dull the heart of the wight who sees in the story of Coleridge

Only a dismal tale of self-provoked misadventures,
Want of balance of will, and want of balance of guineas.

Let the story be told, though sad indeed is the
telling,
But let us fix our eyes not alone on the mote in the
sunbeam,
But on the beam itself that luminous slants through
the shadows.
Lofty the spirit should be that dwells in the light of
his presence—
“Glorious S. T. C.,” the chosen friend of the
noblest;
Singer of stately songs, and singer of tenderest love-
notes—
Lord of the legions of thought, the myriad-minded
magician,
Priest of invisible rites behind the veil of the
senses;
Humble and contrite soul, expectant only of
mercy—
Let the story be told, the light prevails in the
darkness.
This by the way *he* travelled, away from the
primary subject—
Now I “re-centre” my mind in your “Intro-
ductory Memoir,”

And the volume at large, the crown of your manifold labours,
Clad in mantle of green, and sealed with the seal of
Macmillan:
One of a thousand others, I clap my hands in
approval.

April 18, 1893.



Ego Sum Lux Mundi

THE World is, as it were, a flight of stairs,
Whereof the number is not meted out ;
To stand upon the lowest step none dares,
But whither they uptend there is no doubt.

For on the highest step where none hath trod,
And hiding in its shadow all the lands,
For ever gazing on the Face of God,
The World His pedestal, the great Christ stands !

St. Maclou

LORD, on thy cross the sunbeams fall,
All bright and red on thee ;
“Come unto me,” I hear thee call,
Dear Lord, I come to thee.

Lord, on thy cross the moonbeams fall,
All bright and white on thee :
“Come unto me,” I hear thee call ;
Dread Christ ! I come to thee,

Deus Meus, Deus Meus ut quid
Dereliquisti Me?

If we believe, we have no resting place ;
For Faith, men say, is like a boundless sea,
Where only those who dare to sink apace
May reach the haven where they fain would be.

Through death to life and 'neath the waves of things,
Where no sun shines, nor any moon nor stars—
Their certain hopes some dull imaginings,
They will not be, hereafter, what they are.

If we believe, then are we not at all,
For Faith, men say, is like a boundless sky,
Wherein what seems to rise doth also fall,
And far-off things immeasurably nigh.

That which beginneth only hath an end ;
Is God above if we are not below ?
Yet Faith would teach us whither arrows tend,
Shot by no archer and without a bow.

If we believe, we have this constant dread,
That Faith will make our days one long unrest,
Will turn to sin the joys we hold so dear,
Nor count that what we could do was our best.

Tell us, ye faithful, does your God declare
That all who live must henceforth die to Him?
Hath He set beauty as a cunning snare,
To blind the wicked eyes He made so dim?

Yea, hath God said, "My ways are not as thine;
I gave thee knowledge, yet thou must not know—
I gave thee Love, but mark, that Love is *Mine*,
Aught else save *Me* thou lovest to thy woe?"

If we believed, we might live better days,
For Faith is like an over-tender nurse,
Whose foolish care we love but cannot praise,
And lacking which we only fare the worse.

What child will err that always fears the rod,
Nor sometimes barter playtime for a kiss?
What man would fight against an angry God,
Or scorn the promise of a world of bliss?

Give Faith her due, pure thoughts and golden deeds
She gives as bribes to tempt man not to know,
And though her right hand holds her scourge the
creeds,

Her left with stolen virtue heals the blow.

Well, Faith is dead, and we forbear to cry,
Though she hath borne us all the days of old ;
Hope liveth yet, and Love can never die,
And, knowing this, our words are very bold.

We are *not* careful if the waves of sin,
No longer checked by Faith should wet our feet ;
Through Death to Life we too our way would win,
And bide our sentence at the Judgment-Seat.

This too we have, that whatso'er we be,
Our being is not severed from the Whole ;
If God be merciful to Earth and Sea,
Hath he no mercy for the human soul ?

D. O. M.

O THOU who art what we would be,
Whom we adore in what we are ;
O God whose Face we dimly see,
Yet seeing feel Thou art not far !

O Life whose moments we fulfil,
Which we imagine thought by thought ;
O Word that speaketh through our will,
Yet by Thy Will our wills hast wrought !

O'er land and sea Thy winds are blown,
Our pulses beat with blood of Thine ;
Let Angels bow before the Throne,
The Soul of Man is more divine !

De Profundis

THERE is no poet where there is no song ;
And who can sing that neither sees nor knows—
So dark, so weak, too weak to call it wrong—
The sightless life that turns my song to prose.

Ah ! verily men say that when we're young
Our mortal is transfigured everywhere,
And I have stood upon God's Mount, and sung
And gazed upon the Christ and knew Him fair

Ah ! well-a-day ! I neither see nor know,
God lets me live and Life itself is sweet ;
From day to day I wander to and fro—
Until to-morrow I must drink and eat.

There is some law by which the beast and flower
Live unto God, and are most lovely so ;
Like unto them in this mine evil hour,
That I am living unto God, I know.

On me the glory of the sunshine falls,
On me the drops of gladness-giving rain,
No more than I, the basest thing that crawls
Can triumph in its lack of mortal pain.

And will He leave my soul in Hell to pine
Outside the influence of His natural sway?
No boon out-pouring of His oil and wine
I supplicate, but light to find my way.

Ecce Homo

Is it worth while to penetrate the haze
That hangs across the gulf of years, and scan
With curious eyes and unaverted gaze,
And lightly say, Lo! yonder is the Man?

The Man!—Oh think what that word man doth
mean;

Not only such an one as you or I;
Not only first to be—then having been,
No more to be, or, as men say, to die.

It meaneth that by nature he was linked
With all that is in man, and in his soul
By virtue of this manhood was distinct,
No common prototype of Man the whole.

It meaneth that His spirit was His own,
And in its own inalienable mode
Reflected God—and that it dwelt alone,
Unmarred by others in its fixed abode.

The souls of all are as it were a glass,
Whereon an image falls, or dark or clear,
And o'er them God's great image once doth pass
For their reflection while they sojourn here.

But on the unsullied mirror of His soul,
When God looked down, He saw Himself therein,
And He saw God—the part ensphered the whole—
The Man was man, yet was He free from sin.

The Man was man—He sucked His Mother's
breast,
And grew to boyhood by His Mother's side ;
He chose one friend to love beyond the rest,
He wished to live, but willingly He died.

And yet is “ He alive for evermore ; ”
And some would pluck His garment by the hem,
And some would spit on Him, and some adore,
While all forsake, as in Jerusalem.

The night is far advanced—we start from sleep,
We hear His knock, would fain unhasp the pin ;
But O, kind Shepherd of the lonely sheep,
Lift up the gate Thyself, and enter in.

God's Pennies

"To be or not to be," we pray,
To stand or else to fall,
To live a perfect life to-day,
Or not to live at all.

To call a thing our very own,
To end what we begin,
To fight the battle all alone,
To lose if not to win.

To count each man a friend or foe,
To surfeit or to fast,
Be saints or sinners here below,
And sheep or goats at last.

And yet in simpler mood we may
Take thought of wider scope,
And taught by Nature every day,
Take heart of grace and hope.

There is One perfect, only One ;
He knows our littleness ;
Man vainly brags his all or none,
God takes his more or less.



The Highest Pantheism

O LORD, I have this certain trust,
That as the sunbeam cannot stray,
My life for all the motes and dust,
Will hold one sure, unerring way.

Whate'er betide me, this I know,
That I have come, O Lord, from Thee—
Thou goest with me as I go,
And in thy steps Thou guidest me.

I fain would walk a little way,
For thus upon Thy wings I fly,
It is not I who live to-day,
It is the Lord who cannot die.]

Ah! surely Thou hast borne our grief,
And all our sorrows are Thine own,
And Thine the love that brings relief,
And Thine the glory, Thine alone.

Behold our souls are in Thy hand,
We have no life apart from Thee,
Make us, O Lord, to understand,
And be what Thou wouldst have us be !

From God we come, to God we go,
And though we may not see Thy face,
By Faith, and Hope, and Love we know
That God fills all the interspace.

And when we wander from the way,
Open our eyes, that we may see
How oft the feet of them that stray
Are slowly turning back to Thee,

A Prayer of St. Theresa

LET no care perplex thee
Let no terror vex thee,
All will pass and pass away,
Only God abides alway.
Every terror, every woe,
Patient souls can undergo:
Who hath God within his call,
Naught shall fail him, naught befall ;
God's enough, for God is all.

Heaviness may Endure for a Night

THEY who watch and wake by night,
Fighting an unequal fight
'Gainst the leaguéd host of fear,
Hope when morning draweth near.
Ere the sun begins to peep,
Calm they lay them down to sleep;
And the shadows flee away
In the new delightful day.

Oh, my soul ! 'tis night with us,
Gloomy, silent, ominous ;
Who can play and who can work
Where the ghostly shadows lurk ?
Fear, and shame, and sorrow stand
Round about us hand in hand,
And they chant a mingled strain,
Prophesying wrath and pain,

And oh, how long this night doth seem !
We may not sleep, for we fear to dream,
Will the mists at length unroll ?
Is it morning, oh, my soul ?
Surely God will let us rest
For an hour upon his breast,
Till the shadows flee away
In His new delightful day,



Tasso. *Gerusalemme Liberata*, xv. 20

GIACE l'alta Cartago ; a pena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muoiono le città ; muoiono i regni ;
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba ;
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni !

Translation

Where is Carthage ? Low she lies !
Her ruins into ruin fall.
Every age a city dies,
Dies a realm imperial.
Drifting sand and tussocks hide
All their pomp and all their pride.
Only man, with boastful breath,
Claims immunity from Death.

To F. B. Money Coutts

TEN times ten thousand hours have lived and died
Since some hilarious poursuivant of Fate,
Half-way 'mid Fortune's pomp and marshalled
state,
Broke through the ranks and ranged us side by side,
Unequal equals, mockingly allied:—
Ah! little deemed that saucy runagate
That he was sent to jostle mate with mate,
Despite all precedent and meaner pride.

So fare we forward to the Festival,
Linked by that jesting tabarder Sir Chance;
But we remain obedient to the call,
No longer slaves but sons of Circumstance—
Ere long to witness in the Presence Hall
The Triumph of the Soul's Deliverance!

To E. M. B.

O LADY, in the spring-time long ago
I sang of love, for love ; mankind doth so—
And afterward I sang for woe,
 A melancholy song, I trow,
 In the spring-time, long ago !

But no sweet song I made for thee,
 Whom Love and Fancy unbeguiled
Made wise and beautiful to me,
 Because thou wert the mother of a child,
And I have found thee wise and mild,
Unchanged since when thy darling smiled ;
 And I loved her, even so,
 In the spring-time, long ago.

Lady, thy life lies far above all praise ;
 I dare not penetrate its proper veil ;
No stale conceit, no candid modern phrase
 Thy private modest worth shall ere assail.

Yet from my lips I fain would have thee know
That beautiful to me, and wise also,
 Thou still dost seem,
 As in that dream
 That was no dream
In the spring-time long ago.



To S. M. C.

I HAVE not seen you for a thousand years,
You are a thousand miles away;
I want you to make light my foolish fears,
I want you twenty times a day.

Far above rubies, sweeter than all song,
No jangling muse shall sound your praise;
To me the present and the past belong,
I covet not domestic bays.

But we are parted by a thousand miles;
And love is love, if hearts be true;
I never sang except to win your smiles,
Nor sing to-day but wanting you.

In Memoriam. John Derwent Coleridge

WHERE art thou, baby ? hath thy gladsome life
Found special place 'mid radiant choir
Of unimagined spirits—where no strife
Is, and no pain and no desire ?

Or, hath thy separation wholly passed,
And the Great All resumed its part,
As one who throws, and catches, and holds fast ?
We know not, baby, where thou art !

We would not, if we could, forget to grieve—
But fearlessly and unbeguiled
With God thy sweet and joyous soul we leave :
Who *made*, hath not *unmade* the child.

January, 1881.

To S. M. C.

WE have not gained the silent heights
Where Peace and Age sit hand in hand ;
And ours no more the fond delights
Which once were ours in Youth's dear land.

But up the mountain's barren side,
With many a weary step and slow,
We strain to reach that prospect wide,
And, fainting, turn to gaze below.

"And see," you say, "that sunny vale,
"How sweet it was to linger there !
"This path is steep, my footsteps fail,
"And all around is bleak and bare."

The silent peaks stand far above,
And tired are you, and tired am I,
But still we keep our youthful love,
Yea, and shall keep it till we die.

But see these flowers, how fresh they bloom !
I picked them in the vale below—
Not in this late November gloom,
But in “ the springtime long ago.”

1892.



L'Envoy

JUST for a second you catch the enchanting gleam
of his azure,
As he flies low on the stream—Kingfisher,
heavenly bird !
Shed on my wings, mighty Muse, one casual ray of
refulgence—
Low on a sluggish stream, feeble and fitful I fly,





*Printed by R. Folkard & Son,
22, Devonshire St., Queen Sq., London.*

